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MINNIE TRAIL,

OR THE

WOMAN OF WENTWORTH

A TRAGEDY IN THREE ACTS.

SQUIRE DOLBY'S DREAM,

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY W. P. WOOD, ANCASTER.

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MINNIE TRAIL,
OR THE WOMAN OF WENTWORTH.
A Tragedy in Three Acts.

PERSONS.

MUNGO TRAIL,
BRUNOW,
OGLETHORN.
NED GRAILING,
MUGLEY,
SHANTYMEN,
LOAFERS, &c.

MINNIE TRAIL,
JEANIE,
MARGARET THE COOK.

ACT I.

Enter FIVE SHANTYMEN, TWO LOAFERS. *Time,—Day, Winter.*

SCENE.—*In the Bar Room of the Royal Hotel.*

First Shantyman, (with a glass of grog in his hand.) Hurrah! boys. There's "that God may clothe and feed those who hunger and thirst for the Ruin of Canada."

All the men rising to their feet.) Never! Never!

First Shantyman. Wait till I'm through, boys; "that he may feed and clothe them with the coals of his wrath."

(All cheer and drink to the Toast.)

1st Man. Come, Joe, let's have that song we were overhauling the other night; what care we for troubles; give them to the wind or they'll break on our heads. Sing us "Row Brothers, Row," and we'll feel that we sing.

All. Hear, hear, and come, Joe, wire in and get your name up.

(*Joe stands up.*) Well, Boys, here goes, I never was a proud c
(*Sings Row, Brothers, Row.*)

2nd Man. (*Looking out through a window.*) Look here, boys, th
goes Joe Mugley, the hardest case in Wentworth, so they say.

3rd Man. Yes, and I'll bet my boots that Ned Grailing aint far
What do you say, old Kanuck? (*Taps an old man on the shoulder.*)

Old Man. Amen, say I, but take an old man's advice; least said
soonest mended; and you know the very stones in the wall's ha
ears sometimes.

1st Man. Better believe it; but what care we for all the Mugle
in Christendom; with three sheets in the wind we'll weather t
roughest off them. Hallo there! we'll go down to the corner and
how the cat jumps. (*Exit Shantymen.*)

(*Loafers stretch themselves on the benches.*)

1st. I'd rather see the cork jump here.

2nd. Now your talking, neighbor. (*Scene falls.*)

SCENE II.—*Shoemaker's workshop. Time,—Night.*

Enter OGLETHORN.

Oglethorn. Disappointment, misery and suspense follow in m
footsteps, hug me like my own shadow every day, and whisper
my ear, "Oglethorn is our boon companion." If I, like the feather
which is tossed on the winds, succumb to fate, and am destined to
the lash by which the laws of common reason and morality hope
raise her children to the common level of humanity, why do the
snarl at my heels, yet never bite me? wink at my rags, bu
tear no holes in my garments; tamper with my integrity, talk
me as an exile from the society of my fellow-men, and shun m
with a look of mixed fear and disgust, that sends daggers to the ver
core of my existence. Thankless slaves to sensual lusts, monste
headed thing of time, could I whisper in thy common ear, you tha
might learn that Oglethorn fears thee not; no—— (*Starts.*)

Enter MUGLEY.

Ho! Master Oglethorn, how speeds the awl, the last, the end?

Oglethorn. Does Master Mugley deal double meanings in singl
questions, and expect that I will prophesy the future of some design
too foul to mention, and relieve thy conscience; or make thee cow
ard, sir, withal? (*Mugley, enraged, seizes Ogle. by the collar.*)

Silence, old cut-throat, or I'll deal the last card you'll ever play in
Wentworth. Coward, eh? Listen to me, old snooks; (*releases Ogle.*)
my business here is urgent, and has to do with you.

Ogle. With me? how? in what way? (*Mugley drawing his re
volver.—Ogle. gives alarm.*)

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(*Exit Mugley.*)

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SCENE III.—*In*
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er was a proud child. *Mug.* Now then, quietly, or I'll silence thee in a twinkling. Hark
 pay attention to what I say : I know that, ere now, thy sneaky
 begins to fancy there is something in the wind ; you will sus-
 me of such business without a doubt ; but remember if the
 odhounds of Wentworth dare to smell the way I go, I'll square
 counts with them and you, sooner than it might be agreeable to
 I. I mean it, and by Heaven you'll see proof for what I say.
 rewell, Oglethorn, you know me too well to trifle with me now.
(Exit Mugley.)

or all the Mugley. *Ogle. alone.* Ha ! ha ! ha ! Master Mugley, ye may disgrace and
 in poor honest Mungo when I am dead, but not till then ; you have
 red me to my face ; know no better name by which to call me than
 throat. Old snooks, yes, I will trap thee in every scheme of
 lany ; ye may escape me in thy devilish arts, but Oglethorn will
 live to see thy stubborn spirit broken, and hear thee crave the pardon
 them ye would ignore. *(Exit.)*

SCENE III.—*In the Country. A Spring. Time,—Morning.*

Enter JEANIE carrying a water pitcher, and singing "Wandering Willie."

Enter BRUNOW with gun and hunting gear.

(Jeanie starts cheerfully) Ah Brunow. *(embraces,)* I hope I have
 not alarmed you making that noise.

Bru. No, Jeanie, music is the pastime of angels, and that is why
 often think you are one.

Jean. Thanks, honest Brunow ; but tell me, do you like such simple
 little ditties as that ?

Bru. Ah yes ! yes I love them for their simplicity. They are the
 evergreens of man's genius, that blossom when others are decayed ;
 they are the lilies among thorns, the Jeanie of my heart when all
 others have forsaken me.

Jean. Yes, but has my Brunow ever found a time to prize such
 worth ?

Bru. Yes, yes I have, I prize it now. Listen and I'll tell my Jeanie
 why. When prosperity brings man to deeds of crime and ambition
 raises him beyond the light of reason, and he becomes a maniac
 in the estimation of his fellows, and a curse to the society in which
 he lives,—*(Jeanie alarmed)* nay, fear not, Jeanie, then is he fit to say or
 do anything,—then is no crime too black or foul for him. In the
 far west I was cradled in the lap of luxury.

Jean. You ?

Bru. Yes, your own Brunow ; but fortune changed. So old
 Mangua tells me ; any more she will not, but certain 'tis no Indian's

child am I. Thus pondering o'er so strange a life as mine, I
like one who knows no earthly friend, who's parents loved him

Jean. Poor Brunow; but still you have a friend.

Bru. (*embracing her.*) Yes, my only friend. But come, Jean
sing me the song you sang when first we met, beneath the
bowers that grow in Wentworth. See, sweet nymph, the sun
risen; the hounds are anxious for the chase. I must be gone.

Jean. Then farewell, Brunow, since ye love them better than
farewell.

Bru. No, Jeanie, no, I will not, cannot leave you thus; make
but thy slave, stab me to the heart, but speak, O! speak to me.

Jean. (*embracing him.*) My own Brunow, now I know you
me. Go, Brunow; and when all thy friends have forsaken the
know that still there is one who never will. (*Exit.*)

SCENE IV.—*In the Bush; Time,—Night.*

Enter GRAILING.

Grailing. 'Tis the hour he promised to be here. Let me see. I
found that Oglethorn, this is the second time he has upset our plan.
But I will nail him this time, in spite of fate. His veteran will
give way under the iron grasp of him who ne'er was foiled. (*When*
heard.) Hallo! who comes here? (*feels his revolver.*) (*Mugley*
outside.)

Oh, ho, ho,
Old Simon doth know,
How oft the black jack
To her lips doth go.

Enter MUGLEY.

Good evening, master.

Grailing. Well, Mugley, what's the news? Is Oglethorne still
invincible? What is the state of things at the Royal?

Mugley. Dang my buttons, master, if I don't think that old Long
sides will stand us a tough one yet. I rue I didn't make cat's meat
of him the other day in his own house; but he knows what's in store
for him.

Grailing. Pshaw! man, I can whip him with his own friend.

Mugley. You can, eh! Well, down with your dust and your plans
and here's the boy that can walk into their affections to a nicety.

Grailing. The money, as I told you before, will be forthcoming
when the work is done. Meanwhile, there is a hundred dollars
(*Mugley pockets the money.*)

Grailing. Now then for the plans. As you are aware, the

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Jeanie. Its ver
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a life as mine, I know the gold and cash are in the old iron-bound chest in his father's study; you will know it by the brass plates on the corners. Now, mark what I am going to tell you. Mungo Trail's

But come, Jeanie is jealous of him. I have been sending him letters as if they came from other women, to accomplish this. All you have to do is advise her he is courting another, and that she can save her fortune by eloping with the whole; this she can do when Mungo is from home on business.

Mugley. Yes, yes, I have it; trust me to that.

Grailing. Yes, but here is the main point and if you work it right you are safe this time. She must have some one to conduct her to the station, and it won't do for you to be seen with her. Oglethorne is the alert. Get her to engage the services of young Brunow. No one will suspect him, and he will never know but that she is on a visit to some relations. Once on the cars, with a through ticket for the other side, you can snap your thumbs at them all.

Mugley. That's all, that's all I want. This day week I will hand her the key of that box or curse me every inch of time I live. (Exit Mugley.)

Grailing, alone. There goes the blackest ruffian in existence; blood-thirsty as the wolf that's prowling in the forest. None better able to carry out his plans, whose wounded feelings seek to be revenged; whose self-willed damsels must be tamed. I told her she would rue it and she will. (Exit.)

SCENE V.—*The kitchen of the Royal. Jeanie and Mrs. Trail at work.*
Time,—Morning.

Enter BRUNOW. (Bows to them both.)

Mrs. Trail. Ah! Brunow, you are the very man I wanted to see. (Addressing Jeanie.) You must not be jealous, Miss Jeanie. I only want him to help me down to the Station. You know I intend visiting my aunt Liza this week, and would like to make a start to-morrow.

Brunow. If that is all, I will be on hand. You know I am always glad to do you a service when I can.

Mrs. Trail. Thanks, Brunow. Then I will depend on you. To-morrow by day-break.

Brunow. You may. (Exit Mrs. Trail.)

(Brunow whispers to Jeanie and Exits.)

Jeanie. Its very strange that my Missus always chooses to visit her friends, when there is no one left to look after the house. I can

MINNIE TRAIL, OR THE

scarcely see the force of staying here all alone. But never mind somebody's coming to see me to night, and—*(A voice calls "Jeanie")* *(A bell Rings.)*

(Jeanie at the top of her voice calls out) What! *(Bell rings again.)*

Jeanie. Yes! My goodness this work will drive me cranky. *(Throws the duster from her and her coarse apron, runs her fingers through her hair, and starts off at a gallop.)* *(Exit.)*

SIDE SCENE.—Mrs. Trail and Jeanie packing some boxes.

Enter BRUNOW.

Brunow. Well, how now? Can I be of any service to you here?

Mrs. Trail. No, thank you, Brunow. Jeanie and myself will find it. Are the horses ready?

Brunow. All are ready. I will order the ostler to warm the robes and have them ready. *(Exit Brunow)*

Mrs. Trail. Now, must I say farewell, Jeanie? *(embracing her)* Farewell; you have always been a faithful, good girl to me and the children. *(Both are affected)*

Jean. Farewell, ma'm, I will always try to maintain the sister feeling which now exists between us. As for the children, poor thing! I could never let a harm come to them.

Mrs. Trail. Good heart, I will always love you. Be a mother to them till I return. Farewell!

Jean. Farewell! *(Exit Mrs. Trail.)*

Enter BRUNOW.

Bru. Well, Jeanie, you feel sorry to part with Minnie after all if it is only for a week.

Jean. I don't know how it is, but I feel it more this time than ever did before. I'm afraid something will happen her before she returns, she felt so bad at parting with the children.

Bru. Pshaw! Jeanie, such fancy could only originate in a kind benevolent nature like your own; rest assured your fears are groundless, as far as we can tell. Adieu! I will return ere long.

Jean. Adieu! Brunow, I will look for you. The cook and I will make but sorry landlords. *(Exit.)*

SCENE VI.—Jeanie at fancy work. Place,—the Royal. Time,—Evening.

Jean. Ah me! I hope my fears may not be all too true. Brunow not yet returned; but he will come, he ne'er deceived me yet. *(Knock rap at the door.)*

Jean. Oh! here he is; I'll have some fun. *(Jeanie quietly opens the door and creeps behind it, out of sight.)*

Enter OGLETHORN.

Ogle. Good evening, Jeanie. You seem disappointed to-night; or, I, a scare wherever I go, is it 'cause I am here?

Jean. Pardon me, master Oglethorn. I am glad to see you; the and I are left here without any one to protect us. I thought it her who was at the door, and was about to play a trick on her often do. I am sorry you should think anything of it, I assure

Ogle. Well, so be it, since you say so, Jeanie; I always had a good notion of you. But tell me how it comes that Mrs. Trail had so much luggage with her, Jeanie, if she is only on a visit, and why would she take the old chest that sat in grandpa's bed-room? I'm sure there has been foul play going on here, in Mungo's absence. *(Jeanie trembling)* Why, what makes you think so? tell me quick! I do tell me!"

Ogle. To tell you why I think so would not suffice you in the least. Did Brunow help her to pack those boxes?

Jean. No, sir, but I did. Was there any harm in that?

Ogle. None. But didn't he help to load the sleigh?

Jean. He did. *(Aside.)* Heaven pity me, will he torture me any more with these questions!

Ogle. Who accompanied her to the Station? For that is where she went, I'll warrant her.

Jean. Brunow did. But why do you keep me in suspense? *(Weeps.)* For Heaven's sake tell me! If you regard the interests of a poor orphan in this heartless world, without a friend but one; if you have a parent's heart, for the sake of your own children, grant this request. Tell me if my—*(Hides her face in her hands.)*

Ogle. Tell you if Brunow is suspected of being connected with the robbery?

Jean. Yes. Tell me!

Ogle. He is. 'Tis sad to think.

Jean. *(Screams and faints.)*

Enter Cook with a broom. Holloa, here, Master Oglethorn! *(Strikes with the broom.)* This is pretty work to take advantage of two helpless girls because they are alone. *(Striking him again. Exit Ogle, laughing.)*

Cook. You'd better make yourself scarce round here or I'll relieve you of that cough, you old vagabond. *(Scene falls. Exit.)*

Ogle. Alone. Curse on the perjured wretch! He works the same tricks like one who understood them well. But the ace of trumps is in my hand. Confound it! I wish that Mungo would come home, for nothing can be done till he returns; and if they cross the lines

before we give the alarm, we will only come out second best time. From what I learned from those crazy girls, I know that Mugley will be here ere long. In the meantime, I will have a horse ready when he comes, that Mugley may have the pleasure to know that the bloodhounds of Wentworth are on his track, and that Oglethorn is prepared to square accounts with any in the gang of them. (*Exit.*)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*On the shores of Lake Ontario. Time,—Morning.*

Enter BRUNOW.

Bru. Lost to the world; a homeless wanderer; innocent in the books of Heaven, where I am not; but guilty in those of earth, where blind fate hath superseded reason, and where her helpless victim may linger out a life of hopeless misery. Tell me, ye Gods! if human nature errs, or must the course of things be thus? O! God, how strange that in this frame exists a sympathy akin to man, yet sensual lusts, ambition, paramount revenge saddle the innocent with the crimes, and set such snares that angels might be caught in them. Banished from all who ever cared for me; haunted like a felon in the wilds of my own native Wentworth. The wind that plays with the curl on Jeanie's cheek, howls around me as I stretch those limbs to rest where the wild bear and wolf can only come. And must I say farewell to her! it breaks my heart; no! I cannot, will not say farewell. Come what may in the blind freaks of chance, there is one ransom left, if Graeling lives; and if I live ere the bright sun has thrice gone down, I swear by all that's great to be avenged. Blow then thy worst, ye shrivelling winds! that lay thy cold hands upon my heart at dead of night, and whisper in my ear, misfortune! Now that Brunow fears thee not, blow on! (*Exits.*)

SCENE—*A deep Pass in Wentworth, near the Sulphur Springs.*

Time—Night.

(*Enter OGLETHORN and three accomplices.*)

Ogle. This is the Pass where flows the Sulphur Springs. Last night at dark, I sighted something yonder in thick brushwood, on the banks of the creek. Sheltered from the night air by an old military cloak, he ventures to pass the night. He will be desperate as a fiend; but stick to him as ye would to a prize, e'er he has time to think.

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must me conquered, and you will be handsomely rewarded; besides, you will be doing a service to your country. (Exit.)

SCENE—A large Prison with heavy iron door.

Time—Evening.

(Enter JEANIE, playing the Guitar.)

Jeanie. This is the prison where they keep poor Brunow. Could I only see him once again, or cheer him in his lonely cell with one sweet song, once music to my ear—but now it pains my heart—yet if I could cheer his lonely hours, or tell him that his Jeanie is here, my fingers would flit over the chords like madness; my poor heart would leap for joy to-night.

(She plays "Wandering Willie" and sings. BRUNOW sees her from the window, but she has not noticed him. She is close to the gate, drops the guitar in despair, lays her left hand on the door, her right on her brow. She stands in a pleading position. BRUNOW waves a white handkerchief, which attracts her attention; he drops it at her feet.

Jeanie. Thank heaven! that is the one I gave him last in Wentworth. This was my pledge to Brunow. Now will he soon be free; no cage can keep thee longer from my heart. I will ask him when will be the best time to venture such a risk.

(She pulls out some paper—writes—ties it up, putting a pencil inside: attaches it to the end of a long rod, and hands it up to BRUNOW. BRUNOW writes and drops a letter at her feet.

Jeanie reads.) Dearest Jeanie, midnight is the hour when all are asleep. Let me have those files at ten, and God help us both, my own Jeanie.

Jeanie, aside.) Yes, God will help us when we help ourselves. The irons once filed from his wrists, his manly arm will soon displace these bars. I will then raise him the rope which will bring him to my heart once more, if free from guilt and shame. (Exit.)

ACT III.

SCENE I.

SCENE.—A deep ravine. Time—Evening. Enter BRUNOW; rests on his gun.

Brunow. Whether to fall in combatting this ruffian, or live it out beneath such a load of blasphemy, becomes a question in the mind to be decided; and if in favor of virtue, patience bids me wait and see if my foes repent. But honor bids me fight and play the man; in truth

to die were gain compared with this. Methinks that now I'll take this deep ravine; perchance I may in some dark nook conceal from my prey; that when he deems him safe, I may unman him suddenly. (*Exit Brunow.*)

(*GRAILING is seen making his way round to where BRUNOW is concealed on the brow of a precipice.*)

Brunow. Stand and defend thyself! (*Presents his rifle.*)

(*GRAILING fires a revolver; both fire; they close. GRAILING strikes Brunow on the knee; BRUNOW holds him by the throat with the left hand, and a dagger in his right is raised over GRAILING's breast.*)

Brunow. Now yield thee, or by Heaven I'll pay thee one debt I owe thee in advance! (*They struggle, both fall over the rocks. falls.*)

SCENE II.

SCENE—A. the Royal. Time—Evening, Lamp Light.

Enter an old care-worn looking woman.

Ah, cruel world, that parts me from my children! Yet I am to be their mother now. Poor Mungo! could I whisper in your ear one last fond prayer, and hear thee say forgiven, I'd die in peace. But no, it cannot be. Oh, God! my brain is wandering. Thee, my little Kate! It is, it is, my child!

Ah, no, I dare not brook his eye again! Never more will thy mother clasp thee to her tender heart. Never more will she hear thee lip thy little prayer, nor kiss thy cheek. Poor Kate! thy mother's name can ne'er be aught to thee. Farewell! Farewell! Mungo! Farewell, Wentworth! Fare-thee-well—(*Stabs her in the heart. she screams and falls. Enter JEANIE, screams and runs back. Mungo followed by OGLETHORN.*)

Mungo. Good Heavens! she dies. Help! Help!

Ogle. to a bystander. Fly for a doctor. Get thee gone at once. (*Exit man. They carry her into the Royal. Exit.*)

SCENE III.—GRAILING in a lying position; BRUNOW in the act of bending up his wounds; OGLETHORN standing near.

Ogle. What think you, sirs, would it be anything amiss to aid him to the nearest Inn, where this unfortunate man may find such comfort as his case requires?

Brunow. Thanks, master Oglethorn, such aid is timely given and will be gratefully received, besides we are your prisoners.

Ogle. By your own consent I will accompany you as such. Let me hope 'twill burst this gloomy cloud which hangs so long o'er this

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ve Wentworth. [Turning to Grailing.] In this sad plight, and
thy future prospects, sir, I pity thee!

Grailing. Pity those who seek it off thee. Were I that driveling
itch, who, of necessity, succumbs to Fate, requiring charity off all
hath that tender spot which makes the man a dupe, then might
world pity me, and welcome. I know thee, Oglethorn. The
ard hope that chuckles in thy breast is false as hell. 'Twill
er be said that Grailing yields to man.

Brunow. Come, Master Oglethorn, lead out. The moon peeps
o the clouds, and shadows in the lake. E'er midnight we must
rd a craft in Bronte; from thence, e'er dawn, we'll hug the shores
Wentworth.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV—At The Royal.

Time—Day.

B. TRAIL (as yet unknown) on her deathbed: JEANIE sitting by her bed-
side. Enter, BRUNOW and GRAILING.

Brunow. Ah, Jeanie, earth's bright angel! [They embrace.]

[MRS. TRAIL raises herself on her elbow, looks wildly at GRAILING
and falls back.]

Grailing. [Aside] Good heavens! He told me she was dead. Can
be her; or doth my conscience whip me to my face?

[Enter, a JUDGE, OGLETHORN and MUNGO, JEANIE retires to the bed-
side.]

Judge. So, after all, crime brings its own reward. The innocent
suffer for a time—and some have even to death; but murder will
out, and every other crime, in proportion, aimed at morality and the
face of a confiding community. In the case before me the prisoner
the bar is charged with the robbery of Mungo Trail, of the Royal
Hotel, Wentworth. What say you to this, Master Grailing? Guilty
not guilty!

Grailing. If I understand you, sir, to mean that I was the instiga-
tor of the elopement of Mrs. Trail, and the discomfort of her hus-
band, I plead guilty. He who would bridle me with the robbery of
my husband, I throw back the lie in his teeth, and defy the best of
them to brand me with the crime.

Mungo. Villain! that thou art. Is not thy insatiate soul yet satis-
fied? Have ye not torn the mother from her children, disgraced their
father, and deprived them of that influence which makes a parent's
name so dear to all.

Grailing. [With a dry laugh.] 'Tis all I want; my work is now complete;—'tis only tit for tat. Mungo Trail forgets the time he glories in another's fall. I told you you would rue it, and you have.

Mungo. [Taking GRAILING by the throat.] Scorpion! Thy blood is answer for thy guilt.

[GRAILING draws a dagger; they close. MUNGO stabs GRAILING. So, die! such wretch as glories in thy crime.]

[JEANIE screams, waking MRS. TRAIL to a state of sensibility, sits up in bed, thinking that GRAILING has stabbed MUNGO.]

Mrs Trail. Ah! Grailing, you have killed my poor Mungo. I will never know that his poor Minnie still loved him to the last.

[She buries her face in her hands,—all turn toward the bed.]

Enter MUGLEY.

Yes, that's so, I know it to be true, your honor. When she found out Grailing's treachery she cursed herself and shunned the face of man. (Mungo rushes to the bed and embraces her.)

Mungo. My own poor Minnie!

Minnie, releasing herself. No, Mungo, I am not worthy of your love. Tell me you forgive me, that I die in peace.

Mungo, affected. Yes, Minnie, I forgive, and will avenge thy wrong and mine. (She puts her hand in his and falls asleep.)

Mungo. Good Heavens! it will drive me mad. Trouble flows upon me like the waves of the ocean,—one has scarcely subsided when another heavier than the first would crush my broken heart. (MUGLEY kneels at MUNGO's feet and bares his breast.)

Mugley. Now, if ye would avenge thy wrong, the last victim of this gloomy scene defys thy knife!

Mungo. Nay, Wretch! Would ye add fuel to my grief? Is not the blood of Grailing still warm upon its blade? Are not my children motherless? My home desolate? And I—Oh, God

(Scene falls.)



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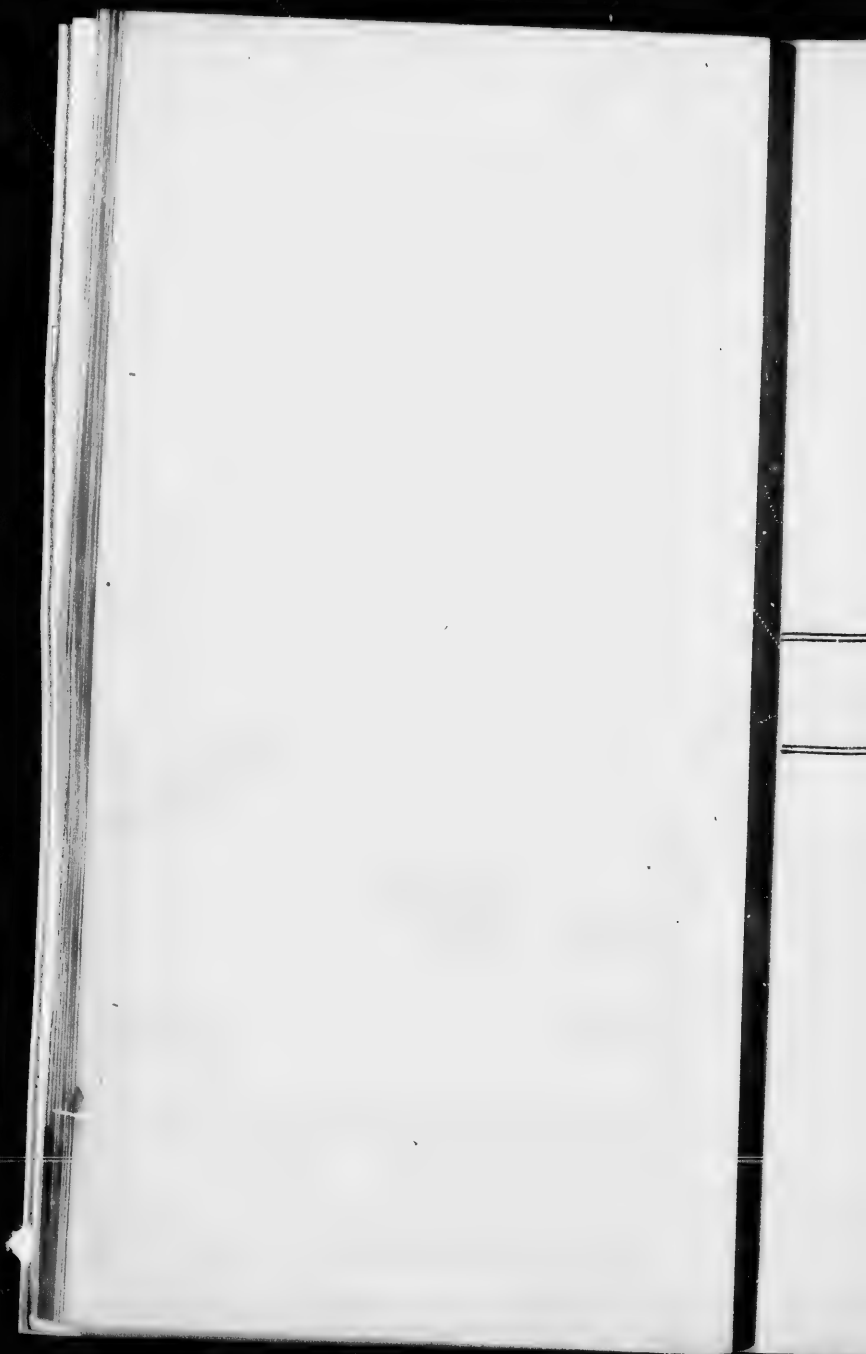
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POEMS.



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POEMS.

SQUIRE DOLBY'S DREAM.

Dreams are but tales, in fancy told,
That differ much in young and old.
Youths often dream of love's debate;
The aged dream of Church or State.
That dreams of love, or loves to dream,—
This would have things be what they seem,—
Till ruined hope and far-fetched art
Puzzles the head and wounds the heart.

Thus to my tale: Once on a time,
When Tories lived in mystic rhyme;
When Gl—dst—e took the Law by storm,
And queer Dis—eli aped Reform;
When Erin's heart was like to break
Under unjust politic toothache,
One cheek swell'd—then did Dizzy speak
Of levelling up the other cheek;
When tolerated necromancy,
Of facts reformed in moulds of Fanc',
Placed Justice Guilty at the Bar,
And set each loyal heart ajar,—
A worthy 'Squire, of Brougham's school,
A foe to arbitrary rule,
Sat dreaming, o'er an evening fire,
The tale that doth my Muse inspire.
Dreamed he of great and tragic scenes—
A goddess murdered in her teens?
Dreamed he of Tory chloroform,
That yields even Nature to the worm?

Britain fell sick, was wrapped in gloom,
Grew feverish, died, and in the tomb
Of Heaven's abyss in state shrouded
As the great corpse of Nature may.
The aged sun went down in blood;

A spectre in the moon there stood;
 A silvery veil or misty cloud
 Wrapped every star in sombre shroud,
 And all the gods of earth and hell
 Attended at her funeral.
 Cursed be the heart that loves to grieve
 A parent's heart, or to bereave
 The eye that watches to and fro',
 And loves her child in weal or woe.

The morn arose—the gloom was o'er—
 Yet Nature, smitten to the core,
 O'er her once lovely daughter wept,
 Nor knew she was not dead, but slept.
 Upon her right, proud Jupiter
 Was seated on his judgment car;
 Upon her left brave Neptune stood,
 The God of Ocean, Tide and Flood;
 And all the lords who legislate
 In technicalities of State,
 Were met around the judgment seat,
 And sworn by all that's good and great
 Fairly to try this homicide—
 This Premier of English pride.
 Guilt was the burthen in the scale
 Of evidence. Each lengthened tale
 Left him of hope not one small beam,
 So black and guilty did he seem.
 The Judge had ended summing up,
 And donn'd a gloomy looking cap;
 His hand upraised—erect he stood,
 Darkling in stern majestic mood.
 Each anxious Lord withheld his breath
 And thought of ignominious death,
 When, with a heart and eye intent,
 A subtle tongue and eloquent,
 Tragedian of a murdered State—
 This vaunting hero of debate—
 Begg'd to convey to this great court
 Of gods and men his own report;
 To prove his innocence, and then
 It might be their pleasure to condemn.
 With kindling eye and magic wand
 Beside the bier he takes his stand.
 (Who knows D—ae—li, knows full well
 That Fiction gains from him that spell
 Which tends to patch a conscious flaw
 And fill a wondering world with awe.)
 Thus, o'er the funeral pall he bent,
 The silvery shroud in twain he rent,
 And said: "Ye Goddess of the North,
 I conjure thee, arise—come forth;
 Yet, stay! allow one gentle touch,
 Paint and enamel doeth much,

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And I may not present you here
 Else than the goddess that you were."
 O'erwhelming thought, by flattery won
 What many battles ne'er had done.
 She smiled consent, and oh, how sweet
 The magic brush made all complete.
 His sense of pride no boundary knew,
 'Twas more than bliss or glory, to
 Restore unto a mother's arms
 A daughter full of life and charms.
 The baffled gods bewildered were,
 The Lords and Commons 'gan to stare;
 Great Nature now so grateful felt,
 That to the conjurer she had knelt,
 And paid that humble homage given
 By ages, due to none but heaven.
 When wroth, our worthy 'Squire awoke
 So did the scene his heart provoke.
 Uneasy still, of thought or scheme,
 Yet pleased, he knew 'twas but a dream.
 Down in his easy chair he sank,
 Disgusted at the thought of rank,
 And cherished life but to lament
 The stratagems of Parliament!

JOY AND PEACE.

Joy is a grace which only flows
 From one celestial spring;
 Peace is a plume which only grows
 On Faith's extended wing.

Joy is the noblest anthem sung
 In yon bright scene untold;
 Peace is the brightest chord that's strung
 Within yon harps of gold.

Joy is a light that will not shine
 On Sin's dark, winding path;
 Peace is a balm that will not soothe
 The wicked's pangs in death.

Joy is a guest that's rarely seen
 By Dives—if at all;
 Peace is a dish that ne'er has been
 Submitted to his call.

Joy is a mind that's richly gemm'd
 With Hope, and Faith and Love;
 Peace is the hand that condescends
 Our sorrows to remove.

Joy is the helmet under which
 Yon martyr breath'd his last ;
 Peace is the shield that warded off
 Loud Fury's angry blast.

Joy is the crown we soon shall wear
 Eternally above ;
 Peace is the banner we shall bear,
 Displaying all His love.

Joy is the Gospel ship in which
 We cross to Jordan's strand ;
 Peace is the breeze that wafts us safe
 To Canaan's Happy Land !

LOVE'S PRIZE LOST.

Dreamless sleep enfolds the weary clay
 Of Monteith's noble dame and honored sire,
 Slumbering still, amid the ruins gray
 Of old Kirkmaiden's monumental spire.
 Here Fancy flames the soul with one desire
 In copse, or wild, or flowery glen to stray,
 Where genies guard the rural magic fire,
 And boisterous billows wash the pebbly way—
 Here many a feathered minstrel sweetly sings,
 Or wandering rustic tunes the evening lyre.

Thou great maternal goddess of the spheres,
 That here doth reign a hoary empress,
 As if to teach the fall of other years,
 When virgin Nature wand'ron'd in excess,
 See'st thou yon hapless maiden in distress ?
 Not as the mock of formal sighs and tears
 The soul-ennobling spirit doth express
 A progeny of life's enamored fears,
 Her mournful notes rise plaintive on the air,
 Or seek a grave far in some lonely place.

MAIDEN'S SONG.

Sleep gently, ye'll rest in this wild ocean glen,
 Sleep gently, till death joins our spirits again.
 O ! then spread thy branches, thou auld birken tree,
 Shield the cauld sleety blast frae' my Johnnie and me.

Thou nicht-haunting fairy, tread light on his grave ;
 Thou wild bird, that soars by the murmuring wave,
 Thy sad bosom heaves like the pulse o' the sea ;
 Ye seem to be wae for my Johnnie and me.

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'Tis ever thus when brightest prospects rise
And buoyant hope retains the vital glow,
Some darling idol of the bosom dies,
How doth the sprite sustain the 'whelming blow ?
Bereft of joy, in sorrow plunged so low,
No heart, no hope but one, 'tis in the skies,
The soul intent on life's alluring show,
At first despairs, as babes o'er broken toys,
And Disappointment fears the smile of Hope,
Dissembleth smooth some dark impending woe.

THY WORTHY STEED.

There are those who may pity the sheep or cow,
For the knife hath been their end ;
But my pity is for the old horse now,
For who is that animal's friend ?

The sheep and cow, we'll admit, are more
Than the friends of thankless man ;
They have cloth'd the naked and fed the poor
Since this world of ours began.

But who has not praised that noble brute
As he sped o'er the wint'ry way,
When happy faces, with harp and lute,
Laugh'd loud in the pleasure sleigh.

Anon, in his youthful days he'll find
Kind hearts ; but some mean scamp,
When he is old, and maimed, and blind,
Will turn him out in a swamp.

Or sell him to jobbers, whose hearts are blind
To his limp, or cough, or heave,
Who will trade him for ale if they feel inclined,
Or some five dollar note relieve.

Who plough'd your fields and reap'd your grain,
And brought it to the mow ?
Thy worthy steed, with flowing mane,
Tho' old and crippled now.

"Do to thy noble steeds as they
Have served you," is the plan
Of golden rules, deny it who may,
Let's support it if we can.

TO MY LUTE.

A GOOD NEW YEAR.

Awake, my lute! no stranger hand
 Shall sully aught that lives in thee.
 O, sing to me of some bright land
 Where naught but love can ever be,
 And hearts no more prove insincere,
 But dearer every Good New Year!

Remind us of the Year that's gone,
 Ah! softly touching in thy lay
 Of friends we've lost and friends we've won,
 Or some dear friend that's far away.
 Let friends we love amongst us here
 Be multiplied each Good New Year!

Sing as ye sang in other days,
 How softly from thy bosom prest
 The lovely nymph would yield thy lays.
 And sweetly sing or sigh the rest.
 Such friends as here are met to cheer
 'Twas homage to the Good New Year!

Yet sing farewell! let Hope beguile
 Our hearts thro' all Life's stormy blast;
 May every cheek retain a smile,
 Tho' days, and weeks, and years be pass'd;
 We'll meet around Time's funeral bier
 To welcome yet the Good New Year!

REMEMBER ME!

Yes, while the life blood to my heart
 Can beat one feeble throe,
 Unaltered I'll remember thee.
 Sweet lass, in weal or woe,
 For the dimple on thy rosy cheek,
 And the soul that's in your e'e,
 Your cherry mou', and heart so true,
 I will remember thee, sweet lass;
 Yes, I'll remember thee.

Can I forget the happy hour,
 Short though it seemed to be!
 My very heart was like to break
 When the tear stood in your e'e;
 I cast a glance at hapless luck,
 But wherefore should I dree,
 Misfortune dour, or treach'rous hour,
 When I remember thee, sweet lass;
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What though the youth be young and poor
 Who has an honest heart,
 Ask at yoursel', doth grace or gear
 The noblest bliss impart?
 Then age improves each blooming year,
 Each daily honest fee,
 Will gi' me cheer, my lassie dear,
 And I'll remember thee, sweet lass,
 Yes, I'll remember thee.

—♦♦♦♦♦—
 THE SABBATH MORN.

Bright Phœbus is hovering on the distant hill,
 The hawkie frae the fauld has sought the brae,
 The ewe in the bucht's reposing still,
 And glistening dew's are gathered on the slae.
 Nae Telford's Jock gangs booming down the shaws,
 The maukin leaps in safety o'er the knowes,
 And frae the wood the busy drift o' craws
 Ravage the braided wheat among the howes;
 The lavrock and the mavis, in their turn,
 In soothing accents hail the Sabbath morn.

Blythe Nature seems to bless the sacred rest,
 About the bonnie dell the sylvans play;
 Sweet pathway, loved the dearest and the best,
 That leads where minstrels of the sacred lay,
 Whose ardent minds and hearts with knowledge stor'd,
 Each smiling face portrays o' rare content.
 Did e'er the lords of mirth such joy afford,
 Or Heaven more ably soul to soul cement,
 When strains of Zion soft are upward borne,
 And holy spirits greet the Sabbath morn.

The plough lies idle on the furrow's brow,
 Where sunbeams play upon her mark of toil;
 The busy flocks are wading in the dew,
 Life to sustain upon the flowery spoil.
 Eke tenty shepherd frae the height surveys
 The objects o' his daily fervent care,
 Content he sees them settled on the braes,
 Then thinks to multiply the House of Prayer,
 Where's rest indeed, to more that they that mourn,
 Tis rich and poor's behest—the Sabbath morn.

O'er many a barren height, that stems the seas;
 Or flowery valley, spreading far and wide,
 Folks rally out wi' joy, in twas and threes,
 Like mountain streamlets wimplin to the tide,
 Each pointing to the magnet of that much-loved day.
 Renewing Friendship's ever-glowing link,

Rousing the flame that lights the favorite way,
 Prizing as best they can the precious blink.
 The morning bell rings thro' the howes forlorn,
 Waking in many a heart the Sabbath morn.

Yet here's regret, and where's thy parent skill
 That some transgress the law so fully blest;
 Say, are the reins on Fortune's neck at will,
 Ye progeny of ills on ills profest?
 Ye motley swatch, who dares to count thy flaws,
 Yawning wi' lengthened streak and lifted hands,
 Some, like grim statues, dim the whited wa's,
 Others, wi' cutty pipes, are group'd in clans,
 Black drudgery of life, why were ye born,
 To jar the hallowed dawn of Sabbath morn?

IN MEMORIAM.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

Softly, thou blue-eyed sprite, my weeping Muse
 To Sarah would I raise the plaintive strain;
 Nature to her each spring a statue hews,
 In each fair flower that studs the grassy plain.

The lily weeps for her the dewy tear,
 She was our village flower, a parent's pride,
 A loving daughter, and a sister dear,
 Nor ever caused us grief but when she died.

Sleep on, sweet gem, awhile to Nature lent,
 The homeless and the poor will think of thee,
 In many a heart a fadeless monument
 Thy love and virtues ever more shall be.

THE FISHERMAN'S SONG.

Oh, ho, ho! we merrily now,
 For fishermen like to be
 Afloat at the flow, when the net is fu'
 O' the dainties o' the sea!
 O' the dainties o' the sea!

Oh, ho, ho! we break, we mend,
 We cast the net in vain,
 But when good fortune's on our side
 We row the boatie then!
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WHINNIE KNOWE.

Dear as my heart to me is Whinnie Knowe,
Her bonnie cliffs by Nature ever bless'd,
The snowy wreath sits hoary on her brow,
The bonnie broom lies cozy on her breast.

The sauntering burnie, gurgling doon the steep,
Brings back to me sweet mem'ries o' the past,
When cannie to thy brow wi' joy I'd creep,
And anxious in the pool the wormie cast.

Nae shaft frae Cupid then had stung my heart,
The speckled troutie was my youth's alloy,
The rashie furnish'd me wi' stores of art,
And Nature beckoned Genius to the boy.

But step by step, surveying as I rise
The many schemes of life with awe and fright,
One strikes the chord of Love and smiles, then sighs,
Another points to Fame's old beacon light;

Another opes the book, revealing seven
Inspired prophetic dreams, the Exile Writ,
Some savory of the bliss enjoyed in Heaven,
Some mirrors of the hell transgression light.

Till warring like the lave wi' care and strife,
Immersed in business habits tae the e'en,
A few short years have changed such happy life,
For now it's but an inkling o' what's been.

—XXXXXXXXXXXX—

NELLY'S NAE MAIR!

Sough on, ye wild tempest o' dreary December,
I lo'e thee as ever the freen o' my care;
Ye sigh wi' my aye, when in grief I remember
The rose o' yon moorlands, sweet Nelly Adair!

Hae I no strayed in the frolics o' childhood;
In love, mang the flowers we never kenn'd where,
Among the green breckons that grow in the wild wood
To lilt the sweet sang wi' blythe Nelly Adair.

Ye faint-hearted birdie, that's liltin' sae cheery,
Ye mantle wi' gladness the wings o' the air,
O, kindly remember a heart ever weary,
The stranger to joy since my Nelly's nae mair.

A WINTER'S GLOAMING.

Wild rows the bosom of distant Lochaber,
The fast driving clouds bode a tempest in store ;
But night brings relief frae the constant of labor,
In my home in the glen by the north o' the moor.

The lightning gleams bright roun' the auld craigie wa.
Winter thou'rt set in thy chariot of fame ;
Majestic ye ride by the Imp's rocky Ha',
Far famed abroad in traditional name.

Why does my wife look wistfully weary—
The tear softly steals frae her uplifted e'e ?
'Tis the dark cataract foaming sae dreary,
And the long track that lies 'tween my wife and me.

Sweet spirit of love, in thy bosom of pity,
Ye fear but the storm on the bare mountain track ;
Wae is her heart aye and fond her entreaty,
Yet wild flashed the flame thro' the elements black.

Scotia, she whispered, thy high towering mountains,
Once pleasant to me, can I live to deplore,
Or shudder to stray by thy clear bubbling fountains,
And think o' the days o' my ain Theodre.

Away ye sad spirits, now bliss to our meeting ;
Astonished at fate how she wondering stood ;
The flocks in their heather beds lonely are bleating,
And low on the steep is the dark thunder cloud.

YON SUNNIE BRAE.

Come, Nelly Morra, noo the kye are a' fu',
And resting on the gowanny bank, we'll wade the burnie noo ;
The hazel tempts us wi' a nut, the thorn wi' a slae,
The bonnie brier has fruit in store on yon sunnie brae.

Come, Nelly Morra, e'er the sunnie blink gacs bye,
And the gowden e'e o' nature sleeps ; O, what gars ye sigh ?
Tae see thy bonnie bosom swell, the love that's in thy e'e,
Is mair than a' the world to me, on yon sunnie brae.

Come, Nelly Morra, where the wild roses hang,
And the wee birdie chirps tae wile its Nelly frae the thrang ;
They hae their arts to win the heart as fain as you or me,
And weel they loe the thorny biel on yon sunnie brae.

Come, Nelly Morra, while we're young we'll be free;
 The time may come when youthfu' love our leal hearts may flee—
 When tottering o'er the nibby stick, thy gowden locks turn gray,
 'Twill cheer us frail auld folks to think o' yon sunnie brae.

~~~~~  
 A HEART IN EXILE.

Strayed ye frae hame, bonnie Mary,  
 To roam on the breast o' the main;  
 Bade ye adieu to the Hielan's,  
 My ain bonnie Mary McL——n?

Saw ye the finger o' fortune  
 Beckon o'er Solway's smooth tide;  
 Dreamt ye o' gowd for a treasure,  
 Tae weir ilka trouble aside?

Was there nae bliss n the Hielan's—  
 Sang the blythe mavis in vain;  
 Were there nae heather bells waving  
 Roun' the auld cot in the plain?

Didna the sweet smile o' heaven  
 Shine o'er thae features o' thine;  
 Didna ye taste o' love's rivulet?  
 For sweet is that press't frae the vine.

Was there nae lavrock tae warble  
 The tale ye wad smile tae the morn:  
 Was there nae treasures reclining  
 On the braid yellow waves o' the corn?

Sair I lament thee, my Mary;  
 O! return to thy ain native islc,  
 And tell the fond heart o' thy Jeemie  
 Thou'rt nae langer a heart in exile

~~~~~  
 WINSOME MINNIE.

Blyther than the lambs that play
 The lightsome simmer hours away,
 And dance aboot the sunnie brae,
 Wi' hearts that seldom weary O;
 Softer than the downy bud,
 That stoops tae kiss the burnie flood,
 That wimples where the leafy wood
 O'erhangs the strath sae breezy O;
 Tune fu' as the birds that sing,
 Glad some as the lavrock's wing
 That prompts auld Nature's sweetest spring,
 Is han'some, winsome, Minnie O!

Ye clamorous cuifs in duddies braw,
 Ye dizzy gowks that strut and jaw,
 Ye genteel bred in mony a ha',
 Thy vaporin' toddies cheer ye O ;
 Gie me the cotter's happy biel,
 The cragie path o' life I'll speil,
 And count auld Fate a kindly chiel,
 If I am wi' my dearie, O ;
 Nae petty freaks ava has she,
 Love sweetly wantons in her e'e,
 O, spare ae blink o't eye for me,
 My han'some, winsome, Minnie O !



O! GIE ME BACK MY YOUTHFU' DAYS.

O! gae me back my youthfu' days,
 Sae happy hae I been,
 When Pattie Birnie, o' Kinghorn,
 Cried "Lassies, to the green!"

Auld Granny wi' her stick beat time,
 Till tears stood in her e'en,
 Then lilted o'er some auld Scotch rhyme,
 And vow'd the like she'd seen.

O, sing to me the auld Scotch songs
 My Minnie used to sing,
 And gae to me yon happy thoughts
 Thae gude auld sangs wad bring.

Yet some kind memories o' the past
 Will bring their bitter smart,
 But more create a balm to soothe
 The fondly bleeding heart.

O, tune to me the auld Scotch lilt
 My father used to play,
 "Sic gems frae Ossian's heart were spilt,"
 The gude auld man wad say.

But noo he's buried in the dust,
 And a' my pleasure's gone.
 O, lay me where the heather blooms,
 Beside yon auld grey stone.

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TO AGNES.

Dear Agnes, 'twas but yester e'en
 I dreamt o' happy days that's been,
 Tho' nco braid oceans roll between
 Me and thy cot,
 Ae faithfu' heart is aye thy freen,
 Forget me not.

I dreamt o' yon blythe sunnie dell,
 Where roses spread their bonnie smell,
 Tae wile our feet ye; ken yersel
 The favorite spot,
 Where oft I woo'd thy thoughts to spell,
 Forget me not.

I thought I saw thy bonnie brow,
 And artless smile that weel I lo'e.
 The words ye spoke were unco few
 This seemed a blot,
 Ye vanished from my wilder'd view,
 Forget me not.

I strove in vain to grasp thy han',
 My feet flew backward as I ran;
 O spitefu' luck, why burst the ban'
 And friendly knot;
 My heart is fain to play the man,
 Fu' weel I wot.

I woke, but hop'd that sleep again
 Would raise the curtain of the brain,
 That future bliss sooths present pain
 I ne'er forgot;
 O may I hope ye're a' my ain,
 Forget me not.

Once let the moon's clear siller horn
 That faintly glimmers through the thorn,
 And sweetly mirrors in the burn
 Beside the cot,
 Our happy bridal night adorn,
 On thee I'll doat.

—♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦—
 A LETTER TO A FRIEND IN SCOTLAND.

O Rab, o' writing ye've been lang,
 Is't that you'r fu' o' wark e'en thrang,
 Canna be fashed, is that thy sang
 Fie on ye for 't,
 Tae slight a freen ye ken it's wrang,
 An' oot 'o sott.

Nae doot ye've tynt a' thocht o' wood,
 When cheek for chow against the hudd,
 Kate plys the cloot on Titty's dud
 Wi' cannie art,
 And lumps o' love play thud for thud
 Anent yer heart.

O'd man, ye little ken the rack
 O' bowing tae a heavy pack,
 Aye keen tae catch the ither plack
 And sell the gown
 That lies sae heavy at the back,
 Frae toon to toon.

Skeming as weel as I can skeme
 The tipping part I waudna name,
 An't wer'na for the thochts o' hame
 The sair won clink
 Wad soon fa' due to lairdie's dame
 For drops o' drink.

As line or twa wad ye but sen',
 Auld cronnie's fates to let us ken
 Hoo speeds the loom, docs Gussey men'
 Tae me it's news
 The mention o' the smaest hen
 About the hoose.

And then thae news by dint o' slight,
 That puts thy servant unco right,
 I haud them sacred as the light
 Or Gran' Parnassus,
 Thae bonnie gems o' fancys flight,
 Our kintry lasses.

Their fremit freaks ye've oft lamented,
 And ca'd the creatures clean demented,
 Their slee alerts wi' care ye've hinted,
 Till last of a'
 The spirit-soothing balsam ye've stinted
 That's waur than a'.

I rede ye o' the waggish gate,
 O' biding wi' yer neebors late,
 Yon printer chiel and rhymer pate,
 Ye ken, ye ken,
 Wad wile a saunt in spite o' fate
 And roose him then.

But adds I hope ye'll maybe men',
 And I'll hae nae mair cause tae sen'
 Sic furious dictates o' a pen
 That's fair red roosted
 Lying here on the table en',
 The ink's grown foosted.

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YE GAUDY DREAMS.

Away, ye gaudy dreams of life !
 Each pleasing view of love's emotion,
 That cramps the brain with endless strife,
 And fills the soul with dire commotion.

Oft have I sung the pensive song
 Of fondling youth, and lover's token,
 Eke many a black dissembling tongue,
 Vows truly made and freely broken.

I've seen the linnet woo its mate,
 With passion in its trembling bosom ;
 I've seen the dew drop morn and late
 Allow'd to kiss the opening blossom.

But man may love one heart to crave,
 Life hindrances around him hover,
 Fate leads him to the fair one's grave,
 Or rank deprives him of his lover.

Away, ye gaudy dreams of life !
 Each pleasing view of love's emotion,
 That cramps the brain with endless strife,
 And fill the soul with dire commotion.

—XXXXXXXXXXXX—
 THE WRECK OF HAVELOCK.

Ye nymphs that stray where the wee gowans peep,
 Thro' the heath on the grey rocky fell,
 Is it told in your lays of compassion ye weep
 O'er the graves that's aboon Howell ?
 That your flageolet's winding a doleful spring,
 Are the strains of your murmuring lost
 Where the seabird wings, o'er the shattered strings
 Of the harp of the Western Coast.

Ye have wept in the shades of thy sylvan sphere
 Till the frown of the morning was spent,
 Then the wail of the seaboy fell sad on your ear,
 When his ill-fated vessel was rent.
 All helpless the brave to the billows were cast,
 That foams o'er thy rough rocky shore ;
 Thy whisper, " Their Last " to the angry blast,
 That howls at the cottager's door.

" Forbear in thy might ! " cried the dying, " Forbear ! "
 In death are ye raveling proud !
 Why sport with the souls who would wreck in despair ?
 Did they dream of our watery shroud ?
 Let the strain of their vision'ry measured and deep,
 Be sweet on their pillow to-night,
 To-morrow they'll weep while our little ones sleep,
 In the glow of thy Eastern light.

Yet fiercely it blew frae the angry west,
 Then woe to the mariner's bark,
 From billow to rock like a spirit oppress'd,
 When the sad looming future is dark.
 Deep, deep in the foam, heaving lofty and wide,
 They sink, whom no prowess can save;
 O! hazardous tide, a fond country's pride
 's in the breast of thy treacherous wave.

Dread Neptune, why furrow'd thy Stygian brow,
 Thy cold heart ne'er suffered from care,
 Else pity would calm thy wild bolsterings now,
 And remorse make thy big bosom sair.
 For the brave who would rescue or flourish no more
 On the land where the surf's beating in,
 For the mariner's gore that the wreck brooding o'er,
 And the home of the lifeless McGinn.



TO A LADY FRIEND.

I've seen the dewdrop fresh in morning lie,
 Like little stars upon the daisy's breast,
 But O how tame compared with Carrie's eye—
 She smiles to bliss, they're smiling to be bless'd.

I've seen the wild thrush cherry nectar sip,
 The humming-bird flit sweetly in the glade;
 But when fair Cupid tastes sweet Carrie's lips,
 I view those others in the second grade.

O! were I prince of some sweet balmy isle,
 That hangs delicious fruits on every tree,
 To win thy heart I'd practice every wile,
 And loving I would love none else but thee.



JEANIE LOWDEN.

Wae's me since my Jeanie's gane,
 I sit and sigh and greet my lane,
 For O! she was a pauky wean,
 Bonnie Jeanie Lowden.

But I maun sigh an' greet in vain,
 For noo she lies beneath the stane;
 It breaks my spirit, it knaws my bane,
 Bonnie Jeanie Lowden.

Blythe she was and bonnie was she,
 Drink to her the reaming tassie—
 Nithdale's laughing favorite lassie,
 Bonnie Jeanie Lowden.

Tak' my sheep and tak' my kye,
 Tak' my hame, my life forbye,
 Lay me where the ringlets lie,
 Of bonnie Jeanie Lowden.

FINIS.



